

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Dealer in English, French and American Dry Goods,
W. I. Goods, and Groceries,
Crockery, Glass and Hard Ware.
Elm Street.

MELISH & SLADE,
DEALERS IN FLOUR, W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES,
FRUITS, CONFECTIONARY, SUMMER DRINKS AND
REFRESHMENTS.
CENTRAL STREET, OPPOSITE WHITNEY'S HOTEL,
Geo. H. SLADE.

A. HATCH, & CO.
At the old Stand lately occupied by
DEALERS IN FLOUR, W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONARY, SUMMER DRINKS, AND
REFRESHMENTS, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
CENTRAL STREET. 223

AUGUSTUS HAYEN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in W. I. Goods, Tea, Fruits,
Wines, &c., also, Stoves, Furnitures, &c.
No. 200 SOUTH SIDE OF STATE STREET,
Montpelier, Vt. 182 1/2

RUSSELL & CLARK,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS,
OPPOSITE WHITNEY'S HOTEL, CENTRAL STREET.

R. H. BAILEY,
Manufacturer of Stoves, Furnitures and Dealer
in Jewellery, Cutlery and Fancy Goods
Wholesale and Retail,
Opposite Whitney's Hotel, Central Street.

HENRY HATCH,
One door south of Union Hall, Elm Street,
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WORKER.

BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY,
JOEL EATON,
Central Street.

THALES D. WINN,
TAILOR,
Same door with N. Randall.

MICHAEL MYERS,
TAILOR,
Over J. Collamer's Office,
Elm street.

AMOS W. WARREN,
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER,
All kinds of Leather for sale cheap.—Also, Boots and
Shoes, of every description.
177 Palace—Thick Boots, \$2.50—Calf, pegged, \$3; Gents
sewed boots for \$4, and all other work in proportion.
CENTRAL STREET. 22 1/2

D. M. DEWEY,
Maker of the Improved Robert Woodens Pumps.
The above Pumps are warranted to draw a barrel
a minute with ease, up to a hundred feet.
All orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Randolph Vt. 224 ft

WHITNEY'S HOTEL,
Corner of Elm and Central streets,
BY S. WHITNEY.

EAGLE HOTEL,
BY P. G. ALDEN,
CORNER OF SOUTH AND GREEN STREETS.

BRICK STAGE HOUSE,
SOUTH SIDE BLACK RIVER,
LUDLOW, VT. 161 ft

Z. F. HYDE,
BRICK STAGE HOUSE,
Proctorsville, Vt. 230 ft

HENRY T. MARSH,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, AND DEALER IN CARRIAGES
AND VARIOUS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
CENTRAL STREET.

WITT SCOTT,
Painters, and dealers in Chairs and Carriages of all kinds.
CENTRAL STREET.

JOSHUA MITCHELL,
CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH-MAKER,
STOUT STREET.

GEORGE FISHER,
Manufacturer of, and dealer in cabinet furniture of
every description.
Pleasant Street, 218

DR. H. K. PALMER,
Office in the Brick Block opposite Whitney's,
CENTRAL STREET.

S. J. ALLEN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office opposite Whitney's Hotel.

ADIN H. HAMMOND,
TOMSONIAN BOTANICAL PRACTITIONER,
Between the Methodist and Episcopal Churches.
237-11.

LIVERY STABLE,
BY ALBERT PACKER,
Court street.

COLLAMER & BARRETT,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Elm Street. 183
JACOB COLLAMER. JAMES BARRETT.

O. P. CHANDLER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Central Street, 209

TRACY & CONVERSE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
Office over the Bank, Elm Street.

L. A. MARSH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Central street.

EDWIN HUTCHINSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VT.
Will attend to any small matters of business,
within his capacity, if desired.
17 Office, where it has been for the last eighteen years.
Nov. 18, 1844. 235-47

WASHBURN & MARSH,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VT.
17 Office in the room lately occupied as the "Clay Club
News Room."
P. T. WASHBURN, Master in Chancery.
C. P. MARSH 236 ft
Nov. 21, 1844.

FREDERICK C. ROBBINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW:
LUDLOW, VT. 157-1/2

WARREN C. FRENCH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SHARON, VT. 235-1/2

WALKER & SLADE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
ROYALTON, VT. 125-1/2
R. WALKER. S. W. SLADE.

STOUGHTON & PERSON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Chester, Vt. 86
H. E. STOUGHTON. I. B. PERSON.

References.—His Excellency H. Hubbard, Charlestown,
N. H.
Hon. Edmund Burke, Newport, N. H.
Nathl. Fuller, Esq., Chester, Vt.
Che. Edmunds, Esq.,
George W. Lewis, Esq.,
Messrs Hollbrook Carver & Co., Boston, Ms
"L. Danforth & Son,"

THOS. BARTLETT, JR.,
Attorney, Counsellor and Solicitor in Chancery,
AT LYNDON, VT.
Attends the Superior Courts in the counties of Cal-
counia, Essex, Orleans and Washington. 135-47

HUNTON & JONES,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Chelsea, Vt. 203
A. P. HUNTON. P. C. JONES.

S. R. STREETER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
BARNARD, VT. 115

J. Q. HAWKINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
FELCHVILLE, VT. 94

J. F. DEANE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CAVENDISH, VT. 105

SAMUEL H. PRICE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
WINDSOR, VT. 99-1/2

RICHARDSON & NICHOLSON,
Attorneys, and Counsellors at Law
Chester, Windsor County, Vt.
N. RICHARDSON. 86 A. A. NICHOLSON.

SEWALL FULLAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LUDLOW, VT. 184-1/2

The Age.

Freedom of Inquiry and the Power of the People.

VOLUME V.

WOODSTOCK, THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1845.

NUMBER 246.

THE DOOM OF THE TORY'S GUARD.

BY NEWTON M. CURTIS.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Van Loan saw that the girl was in reality ill, and he hastily left her apartment. In a few moments after his exit, Miss Josephine made her appearance, and proceeded to administer to Alice a draught of some medical preparation, from which in a short time, she experienced great relief. All that night and through the next day, Josephine was faithful in her attendance and ministrations. At the expiration of that time Alice was quite recovered, experiencing however a slight weakness, as a consequence upon her attack. She sought her couch that night, feeling far better in health and spirits than she had since her confinement. She sank into a profound sleep soon after retiring, from which she was aroused near midnight by her uncle, who again entered her apartment, and commanded her to arise.

Alice obeyed, and was in a short time, fully dressed. Her uncle then commanded her to follow him down stairs, which she did, not however without fear and trembling. Arrived in the hall below, she found Vrooman and his two comrades, and a tall, pale faced stranger, whom she had not seen before, apparently awaiting her arrival. Her uncle motioned her to seat, and with a malicious smile upon his features, thus addressed her.

"It is evident, Miss Alice that your health is failing very fast, and as your guardian, it is necessary for me to use all possible means for its restoration. To effect this object, I have determined to place you under the care of my esteemed friend, Doctor Morton, who will take you to his residence, the better to administer to your complaint." "Doctor," said he, turning to the stranger, "permit me to introduce you to my niece, Alice Van Loan."

The Doctor turned to Alice, with a low bow, and said, "I am happy to make her acquaintance."

This Doctor Morton, as before stated, was a tall, pale faced man, of considerable talent but utterly destitute of principle, and equally as avaricious as Van Loan. He was the founder, manager, and owner of an asylum, or hospital, for the treatment of insane persons, which was located about forty miles above New York, upon the banks of the Hudson, and he had acquired quite a reputation in the treatment of this unfortunate class of persons. Van Loan had by accident become acquainted with his person and character, and he determined to make him an auxiliary in his plans in relation to Alice. Frederick, at the time of his late absence, had paid the worthy physician a visit, and had engaged him to make a visit at the mansion, under the plea that his father wished him to undertake the cure of an insane niece. As we have before stated, Van Loan dared not murder the helpless girl outright, dreading the scrutiny of Mervale, or some other of his whig neighbors. He, or rather his son, at his instigation, had attempted to drown her, immediately after his return from his visit to the doctor, thinking thereby to save the expense of bribing that worthy man, and beside, it would be the most effectual mode of disposing of her person; but in this he failed, and as the doctor was punctual to the appointment made with his son. Van Loan determined to make use of his assistance in carrying out his plans.

For the sake of a large reward, Morton had agreed to carry Alice to the asylum, assisted in her transportation by Vrooman and his comrades, and there keep her closely confined, free from the observation of visitors, and unknown to any one, for the term of her life, taking care in the meantime, that she should receive every treatment that would tend to shorten the period of her existence. In addition to the bonus paid in hand, he was to be allowed a yearly salary during her life, and was to receive one thousand dollars upon her demise.

Immediately after Morton was introduced to his patient, as he termed Alice she was seized by her uncle, who threatened her with instant death in case she made an outcry, and then she was gagged, and her face securely muffled, though in such a manner as to permit her to breathe freely. Vrooman and his comrades then took her in their arms to the bank of the river, followed by the doctor, where a large boat containing a trunk and a box of provisions, awaited them. Alice was seated in the boat, and in a short time after the boat moved off down the river.

Alice well knew that it would be useless to attempt a struggle, or to raise an alarm, and she resigned herself to her melancholy situation. Bitter thoughts filled her mind, as she gazed down the river. What was to be her fate she could not conjecture. She knew well enough that her uncle's tale, told her in the hall, was a falsehood, and that his anxiety for her health, meant in reality, his anxiety for her fortune. She gazed at the physician, who was seated by her side and by a close scrutiny of his features, endeavored to form a conclusion as to what his character could be. Was he a ruffian hired to transport her to some convenient place and then despatch her? At all events, she knew, even if that was the case, that she was completely in his power, and she felt in her inmost heart that an appeal to his mercy would avail her nothing.

Just as the day dawned the boat was hauled ashore by Vrooman and his comrades, and they then proceeded to search for a place of concealment, until night should again favor the prosecution of their journey. They soon discovered one adapted to their purposes, and hither they removed Alice and the provisions, which latter they set about making preparations to test. Vrooman then proceeded to remove the gag from the mouth of Alice, which had become extremely painful; merely remarking to her, at the time, that she should die in case she attempted to escape or raise an alarm.

All then proceeded to partake of the food; Alice eating very sparingly, the pain of her jaws in fact forbidding her to satisfy even her faint appetite. After the conclusion of the meal, the boatmen threw themselves upon the ground to seek repose, whilst the doctor lighted a pipe, and drawing a small book from his pocket, commenced reading.

Alice sat for some time pondering upon her situation, but at length she felt a drowsiness creeping upon her, despite her exertions to keep awake. She leaned her head against a tree, and was soon wrapped in deep sleep. She slept for a long time, despite her uneasy attitude, and in dreams of her bright "island home," she forgot the wretchedness of her situation. She awoke after noon, and found that the doctor was enjoying a nap in the shade, and Vrooman and his associates were holding watch. Just as the sun disappeared in the west, they all once more embarked, and were pursuing their journey, and at sunrise arrived at Schenectady. Here the doctor escorted Alice to a small house, standing a short distance from the compact part of the town, where she was ushered into a narrow and dirty room, accompanied by the doctor, who by his actions appeared to be on familiar terms with the inmates and perfectly at his ease.

Within an hour after her arrival, Vrooman appeared at the door with horses, and Alice was commanded by the doctor to mount upon a pillion behind him. The party then started off at a brisk trot towards Albany, taking the obscurest lanes and alleys, and avoiding the most popular thoroughfares.

Several times, as Alice saw individuals near her, did she resolve to cry for help, but her courage finally failed her, and she was soon so far beyond the town, that such a procedure would have availed her nought, and would have aroused the ire of her keepers.

About noon they arrived at Albany, and alighted at a small inn. But a short time was allowed for refreshment, when they were again upon the road. So adroit was the doctor in the management of affairs, that Alice found it utterly impossible to speak to any one at this halting place, and she proceeded on her way with a heavy heart. The doctor pursued the remainder of his journey with the utmost speed, barely stopping for rest and refreshments, and on the evening of the third day after departing from Albany, Alice was securely located in one of the cells of the asylum.

The morning after the departure of Alice, Van Loan caused the report to be circulated in the neighborhood, that his niece was dangerously sick of the small pox, which frightful disease was known to be raging in some of the settlements of the Mohawk valley. A great consternation attended upon this report. The mansion was shunned by every one, and a general fear that the pestilence would spread prevailed every mind. All the preventives known or supposed to be of use in staying the contagion, were called into requisition among the terrified inhabitants, and as there was no physician in the immediate neighborhood, every old matron, who pretended to medical skill, and they were not a few, was consulted, and under their directions medicines were prepared, with which to battle the scourge.

In about a week after the circulation of this rumor, the bell at the Station pealed forth its solemn knell, and the inhabitants were told that the spirit of Alice Van Loan had departed. Many and sincere were the tears that were shed at her untimely death, for she was known to many of the settlers, and beloved by all who knew her; for her heart was ever alive to the wants of the needy, and to the woes of the afflicted. Fear of the disease, however, deterred nearly every one from the funeral, which was appointed, owing to the extreme warmth of the weather, to take place on the same day; yet a few who had passed through the ordeal, volunteered their assistance in the solemn duty of burying the dead. They found a coffin tightly closed up, which after very few ceremonies, was borne to the graveyard just outside the settlement, followed by Van Loan, Frederick and aunt Josephine, apparently in deep sorrow for the death of their relative. Here the coffin was deposited in its final resting place, and the company dispersed. Van Loan returned to his house, and shutting himself up in his library with his son, he congratulated himself on the result of his enterprise, and then eagerly set himself about preparing the papers necessary to permit him to enter into possession of the fortune of his niece. This, to the avaricious Van Loan was a grateful task. He did not doubt the fidelity of the doctor, and the minions he had sent to accompany him, and he flattered himself that Alice was now forever removed, from his way, and that he had nothing to fear, after his scheming and planning, but the immense wealth which would repay him for all his toil. And Frederick was equally delighted with his father, at the result of their schemes.

Like most other heirs expectant, he liked to revel in dreams of the future, and he already regarded the possession of his hopeful sire as in reality his own.

CHAPTER IX.

In obedience to the orders of Jacob Dash, the two rangers left by him in the care of Mervale's cabin, retired to the woods, to a temporary place which they had prepared for resting, just at sunset on the evening of Van Loan's excursion. They heard the tramping of the incendiaries, notwithstanding the caution they observed, sometime before they reached Mervale's cabin; and leaving their position, which was near the cabin, they retired farther into the forest, yet still within view of the ground of action. They consequently witnessed all the operations of Van Loan and his comrades, from his first survey of the premises, until the final conflagration of the cabin. As all interference or opposition from them would have been utterly useless, they were compelled to witness the work of demolition in silence. They occupied their position until morning, when they approached to survey the ruins. A few iron cooking utensils were all that escaped destruction, and these they extricated from the mass, and placed in some thick bushes growing close by; and after some debate they resolved to follow Jacob and Mervale to Schoharie. The skill used by Jacob to convey Mervale from the Mansion, was concealed in a few rods below the site of the ruined cabin, and to it they repaired, and in a short time were on their journey down the stream. Using all the strength of which they were masters, they landed in a few hours after, near the spot where Jacob and Mervale had landed a short time previous. They entered the settlement, and were again surrounded by the fruits of tory magnanimity.

They found Jacob and Mervale engaged in assisting the villagers in the collection of their cattle, and in temporarily repairing the damages of the fort. A part of the inhabitants were engaged in preparing graves for the reception of the killed, of which the far greater part were tories—only three or four of the settlers having been killed outright, although some dozen or two were wounded more or less severely in the encounter, at the entrance of their fortification. Jacob was enraged beyond measure when he heard of the destruction of the cabin. "The infernal vagabonds knew I was not there," he exclaimed; "cuss 'em, they're took it for a hen roost!" Mervale evinced less evidence of anger than his stalwart friend, yet he vowed against Van Loan a deep and bitter vengeance. He at first determined to return immediately to the ruin of his home, but when he made the announcement, the villagers would not listen to it a moment. They were fearful of another attack from the blood thirsty Butler, and they were destitute of an individual so well qualified as Mervale to act as their leader. Even the women joined in the universal request that he should remain with them until their danger was over. He finally concluded to remain. "It would do no good for him to return," he argued, "for the mischief was already committed. His enemies had destroyed his home, and the few effects, of which he was possessed, by far the most valuable part of which was the furs he had saved from his season's hunting, and about his own premises there was nothing left for him to care for."

He often thought of Alice Van Loan; but, he did not fear that those who haunted his footsteps with such evident malignity would ever cause her to shed a tear, yet in this he was mistaken. Jacob also acquiesced in the plan of remaining a few days longer with the villagers. "They're no mistake," said the worthy ranger, "but that I might come across that chap that had such an eternal sight of fun, about the bigness of my tracks. They're no tellin' neither but the fellow would like to see the feet themselves!"

Mervale and Jacob remained for a fortnight or thereabouts with the villagers, and at the expiration of this time, their fears in relation to another irruption of the tories had about vanished. Mervale and his comrade accordingly prepared to visit the neighborhood of the mansion, leaving the troops of the worthy ranger behind. Accordingly they started on their return, and arrived at their destination without adventure or accident. The sight of this ruined home affected Mervale to tears—not that he cared ought for its value, or that he feared for the inconveniences he would be subjected to without it, but it was endeared to him by tender associations. It had been his home; sheltered him from the raging storm and piercing cold, and he had regarded every rough old log of which it was composed with feelings of strong affection. When Jacob first approached the ruins he stood for some time and gazed upon them in silence. He then turned his eyes to the countenance of Mervale, and observing that they were wet with tears, he exclaimed—

"The man that calls you chicken hearted is a liar, Reggy, as I myself know; but it's a natural circumstance that a fellow that's got any gizzard at all, should feel a little melancholy when he sees his own house burnt up by his enemies, even if 'tain't so noble as some houses is. I must confess that I thort a good deal of the old shanty 'thoug I haint been acquainted with it any great while. That Van Loan is a regular bosannupee or some other d—d hard name, that I've hearn'em call a sarten tree that pizens every thing to death that ever comes near it. Pears to me, if I was at war with the devil himself I should warn't to burn his house or injure any of his children except Van Loan!"

"It's a clear case that I must depart from this region," said Mervale. "My home is destroyed, and it is evident I am beset by enemies who will not rest until they have my blood. I have only one duty to perform, and then Jacob, I'm away for the American army!"

"Spoken like a hero, d—d if it aint," said Jacob approaching Mervale. "Give us your fist on that Reggy. I am with you in that undertakin," head and ears. "There's where we ought to be. Our country wants our service, and I say let's let her have 'em. If we should stay here a thousand years we couldn't do any thing but speculate on the tories a little, and between you and me Reggy that's small bizness!"

"The mission, that I intend to undertake is a dangerous one Jacob, but shall succeed or fall. After that is accomplished, we will move for the army at once," said Mervale.

"I don't want to be impertinent," said Jacob, "but where the devil are you goin, or what upon airth are you goin to undertake that's so dangerous? You know you can depend on me."

"Don't you remember the girl that you rescued from the river?" replied Mervale.

"Van Loan's niece," to be sure I do, and a sweet girl she was too, and a leetle the stiffest whig that ever wore petticoats!"

"I am determined to have an interview with her, before I go from these parts," said Mervale, slightly coloring meanwhile.

"That's entirely onpossible," replied Jacob, with a look of surprise. "You aint a goin to venture right into that cussed old stone hornet's nest be ye?"

"I am determined to see Alice Van Loan, at all hazards," said Mervale determinedly. "I must see her before I leave this place!"

"The truth is, I expect," said Jacob, with a sly leer, "that you love that girl Reggy, and I do not blame you a bit; for as I said before she is nice. But you will find it impossible to get a sight at her; for old Van Loan keeps a sharp eye on her I know. How some-dever you can try it; I say they're nothin upon airth like pluck!"

The next morning was pitched upon by Mervale as the time for commencing his undertaking. Jacob was to remain near the river, until the return of Mervale, as the extraordinary size of that worthy presented a particular clue to his person, even to the most casual observer: When night came they retired to rest, in the place occupied by the rangers, and proceeded to partake of some food; which owing to the overbearing care of Jacob had been brought from the Schoharie settlement. After his simple meal was concluded, Mervale shouldering his rifle started toward the residence of Van Loan leaving Jacob seated upon the ground near their lodgings. He walked on his journey briskly—excited by the hope of meeting Alice once more, and in a short time he found himself near the mansion. Taking a position that sheltered him from observation, and at the same time commanded a view of the mansion, he waited for more than an hour in the hope of obtaining a view of the person of Alice; yet he saw her not. Once or twice he was on the point of entering the mansion, so strong was his desire to see and converse with her, yet a second thought convinced him that it would be the height of temerity, thus to place himself completely in the power of his most bitter enemy. He accordingly wandered in the direction of the Station, in the hope of obtaining some intelligence upon which he could act, or at least he imagined that from one circumstance or another he might learn something of Alice's welfare. As he neared the settlement, the solemn toll of the bell arrested his attention, and he halted—Who could it be, he thought, who had departed for the land of spirits. He stood for some time musing and listening to the solemn toll of the bell, when he observed a youth approaching in the direction of the place where he was standing. Of him he enquired as to the solemn sounds to which he was listening. "Alice Van Loan is dead!" replied the boy, "and for her the bell is tolling." Mervale stood like one transfixed, at this unexpected announcement. Every pulse in his body seemed to have ceased, and his cheek blanched paler than the drifted snow. "Alice Van Loan dead!" he repeated slowly and melancholly.

"Yes replied the boy, 'Alice Van Loan is dead; she died of the small pox, and is to be buried to-day.' As he concluded this piece of information, the lad continued on his way, leaving Mervale standing in the spot where he first saw him. Mervale seemed for a time completely stunned by the information he had derived from the lad, he continued to repeat the words, 'Alice Van Loan dead!' like one entirely perit of reason for some time, but he gradually recovered from the shock, and then, and not till then, he experienced the keen pangs of grief at her loss. A sudden faintness overcame him and he seated himself at the foot of a tree against which he leaned for support. By and bye the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, and he felt relieved. He remained here for some time, when he arose and retraced his steps towards the mansion. He obtained the situation he had occupied in the morning, and stood gazing in the direction of the mansion. Presently the inhabitants of the Station, who had come for the purpose of assisting Van Loan in the burial made their appearance, and entered the mansion, Mervale saw them emerge in a short time bearing a coffin covered with a gloomy pall. His tears flowed at witnessing this, and when they started a few moments after in the direc-

tion of the grave, Mervale, taking care to screen himself from observation, followed after them. How the hollow sounds of the falling sods as they struck upon the coffin lid, smote upon his heart! His muscular frame heaved with the strength of his emotion, and tears followed each other still more rapidly down his cheeks! He heard the thanks of Van Loan to the friends who assisted him. He saw them all turn and leave the vicinity of the grave and finally disappear in the direction of their homes. He waited a few moments and then entered the enclosure of the dead, and seated himself beside the grave of Alice. In that lonely spot he gave full vent to his feelings, and wept like a child. It seemed as if his heart would break.—The storm of grief shook his soul as the strong blast of winter shakes the fragile reed. After a long time, however, the violence of his grief in a measure subsided. He still remained seated near the grave with his head bowed down upon his breast, when three men leaped over the slight fence which enclosed the grave-yard, and seizing him roughly by the collar, exclaimed—

"We've got him at last! Hold him fast my boys, and the reward and the honor is all our own!"

Mervale made not the least resistance, but was as passive in the hands of his captors, as an infant. His hands were pinioned behind him, and one of the trio said,

"Caught at last, old boy! You dodged us well, but you see you are fast now.—Come it will be necessary for you to take up your line of march for the settlement. Your cabin is burnt up, and we will endeavor to provide you with comfortable quarters at the expense of the public. I do not doubt in the least but that you are a very worthy man."

Mervale arose to his feet, and melancholly followed his captors to the settlement. Arrived here, she news soon spread that he was secured, and as is usual in such cases, a large number of men, women, and children were collected to gaze on him. Vulgar minds are entertained with the sight of individuals in distress; but those who came to gaze on Mervale, appeared to be more than delighted at his forlorn and woe-begone appearance. They almost danced with delight, for through the instrumentality of Van Loan, they had been led to believe that he was a pirate, a murderer, and in fact every thing that is detestable and to be dreaded.

Mervale was conducted by his leaders through the gaping crowd, to the bar-room of the village inn, where he was permitted to take a seat, while his captors regaled themselves upon some of the animal comforts afforded by the bar. After they had concluded their potations, a messenger was despatched to Van Loan, to acquaint him with the capture that had been made, and with a request that he would at once take some steps to dispose of their prisoner.—The messenger found Van Loan still in his library, where he had retired, as before narrated. He was greatly astonished at the news, and could hardly credit it. The individual that he most dreaded upon earth in his power, seemed to him to be the very acme of all that was desirable.

"Where was he caught?" he eagerly inquired, rubbing his hands with delight.

"In the grave yard," replied the messenger.

"In the grave yard?" repeated Van Loan what was he doing there?"

"Weeping, I believe," replied the settler; "at least those who took him say so."

"Weeping, eh?" said Van Loan, his countenance brightening. "Well, you may tell the villagers that I will attend them immediately," he continued, turning to the messenger with a long face, and a look of mock sorrow. "Tell them I will attend them, for public safety requires that this fellow should be taken care of. I do not however, since the melancholy demise of my niece, feel any desire for doing business."

The man bowed and left the room, thinking to himself that Van Loan was one of the public benefactors of the age! As soon as he was gone, that worthy turned to his son, while a smile lit up his austere features, as a single torch would light up a sepulchre, and he said,

"Frederick, my boy, how nicely all things work for us. This is a capital days work. Alice disposed of, and the only man we have ought to fear from entirely in our power."

Frederick replied in a similar vein, and Van Loan set about making preparations for his immediate departure to the Station. Accompanied by his son, he was soon on his way to sit in judgment upon the case of Mervale. As has been stated, the distance between the settlement and his home was not great, and the journey was soon accomplished. Arriving at the inn, he saw that it was indeed Mervale, and without deigning any notice to the prisoner, save a repulsive stare, he passed on to a private apartment, which he usually occupied when engaged in any of his magisterial duties.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Not Bad.—A Methodist preacher, says an exchange paper, expounding on his own authority, in a country village, remarked that "commentators did not agree with him." Next day he received a basket of kidney potatoes from one of the rustic disciples, who remarked that "since common taters did not agree with him, he had taken the liberty to present him with some best kidney taters."

A boxum lass in Michigan has bet herself that Lewis Cass will be the next President. The editor of the "Cincinnati Enquirer" says he would like to hold the stakes.

"You are always in a bustle, Lizzy," said an old lady to her daughter, "it's the fashion, ma."

"Pete, I want to ask you a Columbiupus. "Succeed nigan!"

"Well, why is a quilt like a railroad? Does you give it out?"

"Well I does."

Case there's sleepers under it. Yah, yah, what ignorant colored individual you is."

Time.—"What time is it, Tim?" "Just time to pay that little account you owe me." "Oh, indeed, I didn't think it was half so late."